SILVER STAR
ISSUE #1

PC

"For the NEW Era in Comics"

$1.00 US
$1.25 Canada

THE NEXT BREED

©JACK KIRBY '82

SILVER STAR™

A VISUAL NOVEL

MEET MORGAN MILLER: *HOMO GENETICUS!*

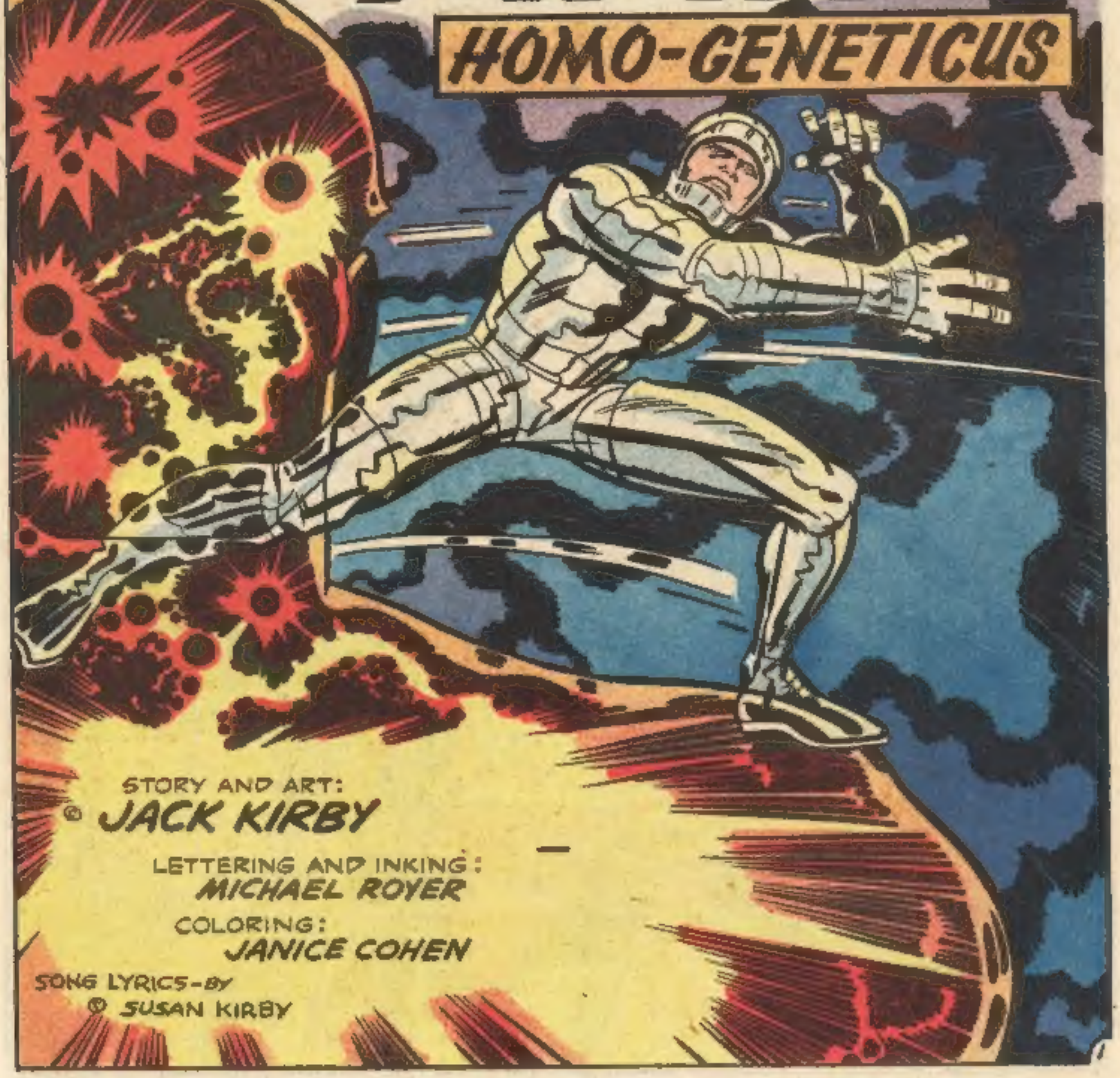
Plus *Viking Last Of The Heroes*

HAPPINESS AND HOLOCAUST FOREVER SURPRISE US!

THEY GENERATE AND GROW AND PREPARE TO PENETRATE OUR LIVES FROM THE VERY SPOT WE *NEVER* WATCH! THE BASEBALL FAN CALLS IT *"LEFT FIELD"*--BUT IN THIS CASE--*LET'S CALL HIM:*

SILVER STAR™

HOMO-GENETICUS



STORY AND ART:
© JACK KIRBY

LETTERING AND INKING:
MICHAEL ROYER

COLORING:
JANICE COHEN

SONG LYRICS-BY
© SUSAN KIRBY

MORGAN--

MORGAN--?

I-I *CAN'T* SEE YOU, MORGAN! BUT, I-I'M "REACHING OUT"-- JUST THE WAY YOU TAUGHT ME...

DIDN'T YOU SAY IF ONE "REACHED OUT" LIKE *YOU* DID-- ONE COULD SEE AND TALK TO THEIR FRIENDS...

"...*WHEREVER THEY WERE*," YOU SAID!

--A-AND YOU SHOWED ME HOW TRUE THAT WAS!

YOU MUST BE VERY BUSY, MORGAN, BECAUSE I KNOW YOU'D BE *RIGHT HERE* WITH ME--

--IF YOU KNEW *WHY* I WAS "REACHING OUT..."

WELL, YOUR DAD SAID THAT YOU'D BE 21 YEARS OLD TODAY, SO I WROTE THIS NEAT BIRTHDAY SONG FOR YOU...

I *KNOW* YOU'LL HEAR IT...

EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE *FAR AWAY*...

I-IT GOES LIKE THIS, MORGAN...

IT'S THE TIME OF YEAR
TO CELEBRATE YOUR BIRTH···
IT'S THE TIME OF YEAR
TO CONSECRATE YOUR WORTH···

AND WHEN YOUR THINKING HAS BEGUN
AND YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING IN THE SUN
AND YOU REALIZE THAT YOU AND GOD ARE ONE...

YOU'LL ALWAYS CELEBRATE THE MOMENT YOU WERE BORN.
IT'S THE TIME OF YEAR TO CELEBRATE YOUR BIRTH...

IT'S THE TIME OF YEAR TO SING ABOUT YOUR WORLD
TO THANK THE STARS YOU'RE A HEALTHY, LIVING SOUL...

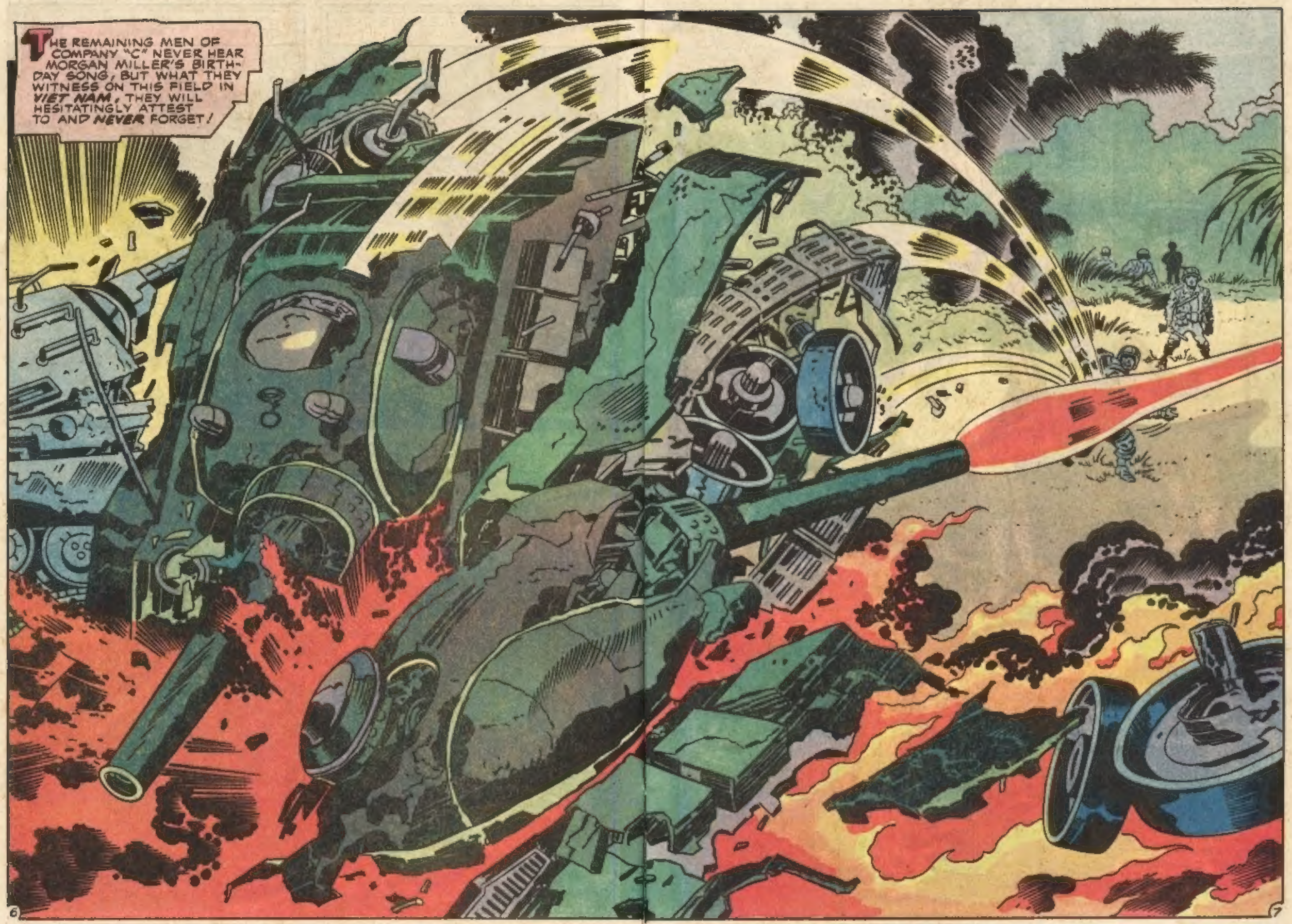
LET THE FLOWERS BE YOUR GUIDE...
FIND THE BEAUTY THAT YOU HIDE...
AND WHEN YOU'VE CRIED AND LAUGHED AND TRIED...

YOU'LL ALWAYS CELEBRATE THE PERSON THAT'S INSIDE...

IT'S THE TIME OF YEAR--TO CELEBRATE YOUR BIRTH...

I WANT TO HELP YOU CELEBRATE YOUR BIRTH...

THE REMAINING MEN OF COMPANY "C" NEVER HEAR MORGAN MILLER'S BIRTHDAY SONG, BUT WHAT THEY WITNESS ON THIS FIELD IN *VIET NAM*, THEY WILL HESITATINGLY ATTEST TO AND *NEVER* FORGET!



Y'KNOW, MORGAN, I-I FEEL SO SAD···CAN'T HELP IT, I GUESS···

I THOUGHT YOU'D PROJECT TO ME IF I WROTE THIS SONG··· Y'SEE, YOUR DAD SAID THERE WAS SOMETHING *VERY SPECIAL* ABOUT YOUR BIRTHDAY···

IT SEEMED TO WORRY HIM FOR SOME REASON··· EVEN *MORE* THAN YOUR BEING OVERSEAS···

YOUR DAD'S VERY LONELY, MORGAN···I AM TOO, YOU KNOW···

I WAS HOPING MY SONG WOULD BRING YOU TO WHEREVER THIS PLACE IS···

THERE'S NO LIGHT HERE···IT'S VERY DARK···AND I KNOW THAT *YOU* COULD CHANGE THIS INTO A FUN PLACE!

I DON'T SUPPOSE I'LL *EVER* BE ANY GOOD AT PROJECTING.

BUT, YOU *HEARD* ME···

I *KNOW* YOU HEARD ME—!

MEANWHILE, AT A "MASH" UNIT BEYOND THE COMBAT ZONE...

AM I IN THE PRESENCE OF COLONEL WALTER HAMMER, M.D.?

WELL! I WAS EXPECTING ONE OF YOU BOYS TO SHOW--!

WANT TO SEE MY CREDENTIALS? THEY'LL DAZZLE YOU, DOC --

MISTER, THEY'D BETTER BE FANTASTIC! --'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT I'VE GOT! --SOMETHING FANTASTIC--!

TELL ME... IS IT TRUE THAT HE DID--WHAT HE DID?

IN A WAY... HE DID... WHAT HIS FATHER DID...

THAT'S ABOUT AS OBSCURE AS THAT MESS OF THICK SILVER FABRIC YOU ORDERED WITH TOP PRIORITY HASTE!

THAT BOY WOULD HAVE DIED IF I HADN'T!

COME ON, DOC! YOU MUST BE PUTTING ME ON! THAT'S LIKE SAVING HERCULES WITH A NEW SUIT!

NO!-- NOT A SUIT... THE WORD IS "SHIELDING!" IT WAS MORE LIKE STOPPING A LEAKING REACTOR WITH LEAD SHIELDING!

HOLD IT, DOC! WHAT IN HELL ARE WE DEALING WITH HERE?

IT'S ALREADY SCARY-- WHY DON'T WE WAIT UNTIL IT BECOMES TERRIFY-ING!

MOMENT LATER, THE TWO MEN ENTER A HEAVILY GUARDED METAL BUILDING...

SECONDARY CHECK, SIR...

SURE! WHY NOT... FLOYD CUSTER... WASHINGTON, D.C. --WHITE HOUSE DETAIL...

THIS MAKES YOU FAMILY, FLOYD!

HOW'S OUR BOY, SERGEANT?

LOOKS LIKE A SUPERHERO, SIR... BUT HE ACTS LIKE A WEIRDO—!

THEN THE SILVER SHIELDING DOESN'T WORK—! HE'S HAD ANOTHER-- SIEZURE!!

OH, NO, SIR, IT WORKS FINE! HE'S STRONGER'N A LOCOMOTIVE!

BUT, THIS IS WHAT I MEAN, SIR--

IN SOME STRANGE WAY, HE SUDDENLY FLIPS OUT!--WITH ALL VITAL SIGNS FLASHING NORMAL... A-OK!

IT DOESN'T ADD UP-- HE'S GONE INTO A COMA!

I-I DON'T KNOW WHY, SIR, BUT, I WOULD CONFIRM THE OPPOSITE!

MILLER IS AS FULLY AWAKE AS YOU OR I, SIR!

YOU'RE BEING IMPERTINENT, SERGEANT! IT'S QUITE EVIDENT THAT-- THAT--

K.DDING AN OFFICER *ISN'T* MY STYLE, SIR... I'M *REGULAR ARMY*-- ALL THE WAY...

YOU SAID *"NORMAL!"* THAT'S IT—! *NORMAL!*

YOU AND I, SERGEANT, WERE DIAGNOSING MORGAN MILLER --A MAN *BEYOND* NORMALITY!

Y'KNOW, SOMEHOW, I GET THE FEELING... THAT HE'S SIMPLY *ELSEWHERE*--

--HAVING LEFT HIS BODY IN OUR CARE...

"ELSEWHERE" IS WHERE MORGAN MILLER *WISHES* IT TO BE.

AT NO TIME SINCE THE APPEARANCE OF MAN ON THIS PLANET--

TRACY! TRACY!!

--HAS THE UNIVERSE BEEN MADE MORE ACCESSIBLE, THAN TO THE BREED NOW REPRESENTED BY MEN LIKE MORGAN.

I *HEARD* YOUR SONG, TRACY! IT WAS *WONDER-FUL!*

I-I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FIND THESE STRANGE PLACES, MORGAN! BUT, THEY CERTAINLY ARE FUN!

YOU PROJECT VERY WELL! --JJST THE WAY I TAUGHT YOU!

MORGAN! W-WHERE ARE Y-YOU TAKING ME?

ANYWHERE! EVERYWHERE! NO MORE FANTASY WORLDS FOR US! WE CAN RACE A COMET NOW! WE CAN WATCH EXPLODING STARS!

NO, MORGAN, NO! I DON'T LIKE THIS! I'M AFRAID!

BUT, IT'S SO NATURAL!...SO EXCITING--!

--AND IT ISN'T KID STUFF ANYMORE!

THIS IS FOR REAL!

MORGAN! I'M AFRAID! I'M AFRAID!

OF COURSE! OF COURSE! I-I JUST WASN'T THINKING, TRACY!

WE'LL DITCH THIS RIGHT NOW!

HEY!... IS THIS PLACE MORE TO YOUR LIKING?

I-IT'S BEAUTIFUL, MORGAN! I LOVE IT!

YOU KNOW, TRACY··· A LOT OF THINGS HAVE HAPPENED TO ME SINCE I WAS SENT TO VIET NAM···

I SEE THEY GAVE YOU A SILVER UNIFORM.

WHY DID THEY DO THAT?

MORGAN MILLER! I'LL BET YOU RE ON ONE OF THOSE SUPER SECRET MISSIONS! AND THIS UNIFORM IS PART OF IT··· ISN'T IT—!?

YES, TRACY! THAT'S WHY IT WOULD BE W SE IF WE DIDN'T PROJECT TO EACH OTHER ···UNTIL THIS MISSION IS OVER!

I'M SORRY, TRACY. I KNOW HOW MUCH FUN PROJECTING HAS BEEN··· BUT···

I-I UNDERSTAND, MORGAN. THERE'S LOTS OF NEW SPY MOVIES PLAYING IN TOWN··· YOUR DAD AND I CAN SEE SOME OF THOSE UNTIL YOU COME HOME···

···DAD··· JUST TELL MY DAD THAT I'M SAFE AND WELL AND DOING FINE. KEEP MUM ABOUT MY SECRET MISSION, SEE? YOU KNOW HOW PARENTS WORRY ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT···

SURE, MORGAN··· GOSH, YOU LOOK STRANGE--AND KINDA SAD···

DO I?

WELL, SECRET MISSIONS DON'T LEAVE MUCH TIME FOR FUN···

YOU WANT ME TO LEAVE··· DON'T YOU, MORGAN?

RIGHT NOW, TRACY! RIGHT NOW!

DON'T TRY TO REACH ME AGAIN··· UNTIL I RETURN HOME··· OKAY?

YOU'RE [illegible]ING UP, SONNY. YOUR SHELTERED LIFE IS OVER···

LOOKS LIKE OUR BOY MAY BE ON HIS WAY BACK... I THOUGHT I SAW AN EYELID FLUTTER!

YOU MAY BE MORE PERCEPTIVE THAN I, CUSTER.

NICE LOOKING KID... CERTAINLY DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE KIND WHO'S CAPABLE OF DOING WHAT THE REPORTS SAY HE CAN DO...

WHY DON'T WE DISCUSS THIS IN MY OFFICE.

MY MEN ARE STANDING BY IF ANYTHING UNEXPECTED DEVELOPS!

SOON AFTER...

EVER SEE NEGATIVES LIKE THAT, CUSTER?

STARS... IT'S LIKE LOOKING AT STARS!

STARS AND COMETS AND FLASHING LITTLE GALAXIES! WHAT FUN, CUSTER... WHAT HIDEOUS FUN...

CALL ME FLOYD, WILL YOU, DOC? WE MAY BECOME FRIENDS FOR YEARS AND YEARS.

MEDICALLY SPEAKING, DOC, WHAT IN HELL HAVE I BEEN LOOKING AT!?

A STORM! A SUDDEN STORM OF METABOLLIC ENERGY--THAT COULD BURN YOU AND I TO A BLACK SMELLY SPOT ON THE FLOOR!

BUT THE KID CAN HANDLE IT--JUST LIKE HE DID THAT RED TANK!...THAT'S SO, ISN'T IT--!

HAHAHAHA--! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE CAN HANDLE--NOW! HAHAHAHA!

MORGAN MILLER IS THE SON OF AN OLD COLLEAGUE. HE MAY BE PROOF THAT OUR KIND IS ON THE WAY *OUT!*

"COWBOY" MILLER BELIEVED THAT... BUT AN ENTIRE *IN GROUP* OF MEDICAL RESEARCHERS, INCLUDING MYSELF, *LAUGHED* AT HIM!

WELL, I SUPPOSE WE JUST WEREN'T *HOLOCAUST* TYPES, LIKE COWBOY! WE COULD FUNCTION IN A VIET NAM AND DO A GOOD JOB... BUT, ATOMIC *WIPE-OUTS*... THEY *WEREN'T* OUR STYLE!

SO... *BRADFORD MILLER* DID THE WORK FOR YOU! *HE FOUND AN ANSWER TO POST-ATOMIC SURVIVAL!*

YOU'VE DONE YOUR HOMEWORK, HAVE YOU... THEN, YOU KNOW ABOUT BRADFORD MILLER'S *GENETIC PACKAGE!* ...AND THE REST OF IT...

THERE IS NO REST OF IT! COWBOY, AS YOU CALL HIM, MAY HAVE STARTED SOMETHING WE *CAN'T* FINISH!

IT SEEMS THAT BEFORE YOUR FRIEND, COWBOY, RETIRED TO "OBLIVION", MONTANA, HE PERFORMED A SERIES OF *PRE-NATAL IMPLANTS* ON AN UNSPECIFIED NUMBER OF PREGNANT FEMALES!

GOOD GOD!

THERE ARE *MORE* OF THESE CASES--GROWING DAILY--MATURING INTO... [illegible]*T!? WE CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO LABEL THEM YET!*

WELL... WE DO KNOW THEY CAN THROW *40 TON* TANKS AROUND LIKE *BASEBALLS* !!

I'LL TELL YOU THIS, CUSTER! IF THERE IS AN ATOMIC HOLOCAUST, THESE KIDS WILL NOT ONLY SURVIVE IT, BUT THEY'LL COPE WITH IT, AND *CONTINUE ON!*

YEAH... WHILE *WE* HAIRY OLD NEANDERTHALS GO ON OUR UNCERTAIN WAY INTO HISTORY!

[illegible] THAT IT?

IS THAT IT!? IS THAT IT? DO WE JOIN THE "DODO" BIRDS AND THREE-TOED HORSES!?

MOST LIKELY...

HEY! COME ON, MISTER BIG! DON'T RATTLE YOUR GONADS IN MY EARS!

MAMA NATURE DOESN'T GIVE A DAMN!

WE BUILT THE BOMB, Y'KNOW! AND, IF WE CAN'T HANDLE ALL THE LI'L'OLE ATOMS-- WELL-- MAMA GETS A MAN WHAT CAN-!

SURE... THAT'S THE ANSWER! THE NEW BOY CAN JUGGLE ATOMS... PLAY WITH 'EM AND MOLD 'EM INTO THINGS WE CAN'T IMAGINE!

CRACKLE!

HAIL, "HOMO GENETICUS"...

EXIT, "HOMO-SAPIENS"...

BUT, FROM EACH NEW SPECIES, MOTHER NATURE EXACTS A PRIMEVAL PRICE...

THIS WAY, GUYS!! TAKE A LOOK AT SLEEPING BEAUTY!

HE'S GROWING! HE'S GROWING-- AND HE'S NOT STOPPING!

SOMEONE GET COLONEL HAMMER BEFORE THIS WEIRDO GROWS CLEAR OUT OF THIS HUT!

CLEAR THE STUFF OFF THE *OTHER* TABLES!-- CAN'T TELL HOW MANY WE'LL NEED TO HOLD THIS MONSTROSITY!

WHO'S GONNA *BELIEVE* US IF WE TALK ABOUT IT —!

WATCH IT! WATCH IT!

POOR HOMO GENETICUS···HIS JOURNEY WILL BE NO LESS PAINFUL THAN OURS! FOR HE *TOO* HAS A BROTHER NAMED "*CAIN!*"···THE ONE WHO WANTS TO BE "*KING OF THE HILL!*"

WELCOME TO THE *COMPETITIVE* WORLD, JUNIOR! YOU'RE REALLY NOT DOING BADLY FOR ONE SO *INEXPERIENCED!*

WHEN I CREATED THIS *GIANT* METAL ADVERSARY FOR YOU, I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D REACT BY *GROWING* TO MATCH HIM!

GOOD THINKING, BUMPKIN!

YEA. LET HELL AND DAMNATION BE UNLEASHED LIKE DOGS OF WAR! LET THEM LEAP ACROSS YOUR THRESHOLD AND INTO MANHOOD!!

LET THEM *DEVOUR* YOUR PAST AND SURROUND YOU WITH PAIN AND ANGER AND THE *HUNGER* TO KILL!!

CHILDHOOD IS *DECEPTION*, FARMBOY! IT'S THE LAND OF "*NEVER WAS*" ... OLD DREAMS OF THE "*WALKING DEAD!*"

IS NOT CHILDHOOD THE *TRUE* DOMAIN OF SATAN? IS IT NOT THE PLACE WHERE JOY AND BLISS ARE *DRAGGED OUT* TO *ROT*--IN PASSION'S HEAT?!?

SAY...WHAT ARE YOU?-- SOME KIND OF NUTTY *FANATIC*? ARE YOU HAUNTING ME BECAUSE YOUR MOTHER DIDN'T BUY YOUR A LOLLIPOP WHEN YOU WERE FOUR?

BEWARE OF BLASPHEMING, BUMPKIN! ***DARIUS DRUMM*** IS QUICK TO USE THE MANDATE GIVEN TO THOSE SUCH AS YOU AND I!

YOU'VE GOT A MANDATE, DRUMM?! ***I'VE*** JUST GOT AN URGE TO FOLD UP YOUR ACT FOR CAUSING ALL THIS MISERY!

I CAN'T HELP BUT LIKE YOU, BUMPKIN... I'LL SAVE YOU FOR ***LAST!***

THE ***OTHERS*** DIE FIRST!

YOU ***CREEP-!***

HEY!

PHENOMENAL! HE'S RETURNED TO STANDARD HUMAN SIZE!

WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS THAT OUR BOY HERE HAS NO STANDARD SIZE!!

MY GOD, SIR! WHAT IS HE? WHAT IS HE!?

THERE'S NO NAME FOR A GUY LIKE THAT!

YES, THERE IS! LOOK AT HIS HEART! IT'S BEATING AND GLOWING LIKE A PULSAR IN SOME DISTANT GALAXY!

WOW! AIN'T THAT SOMETHIN', SIR...

ER--COLONEL HAMMER! GOSH, I-I GUESS I MUST'VE PASSED OUT...

THEN, WELCOME BACK TO THE PATCH-UP FACTORY--SILVER STAR!

SURE FITS, SIR...

I UNDERSTAND THE MEN HAVE BEEN CALLING YOU THAT SINCE YOU EARNED ONE IN ACTION...

WELL... IT'S REALLY EMBARRASSING, SIR... I-I HARDLY REMEMBER WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED...

HMPH! HE'S A FINE KID! HIS OLD MAN DID A GOOD NUMBER ON HIM... SILVER STAR'S GOT QUALITIES ONE CAN ADMIRE!

BUT THE "OTHERS"... WHO ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY LIKE? ... IT WON'T BE A TEA PARTY ... FINDING OUT!

...AND FOREMOST AMONG THE OTHERS... DANGEROUS AND DEADLY...

DARIUS DRUMM!